

UNCLE REAL CULLIVER.

Ironmaster Carnegie Says All Other Nations Are Commercial Lilliputians Compared with American Union.

KAISER COULD SAVE POWERS

Remarkable Proposal That German Ruler Create United States of Europe to Repel Our Trade Invasion Abroad.

ST. ANDREW, Scotland, Oct. 22.—Andrew Carnegie, this afternoon formally reinstated as rector of St. Andrew's University in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage, over which Principal Donaldson presided.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was subsequently conferred by St. Andrew's on Mr. Carnegie, Ambassadors Choate and White, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington, and Henry White, Secretary of the United States Embassy in London.

Appeal for Alliance of Powers.

The ironmaster's rectorial address consisted of a lengthy study of the comparative growth of nations in the paths of industrial ascendancy, with a striking commentary on their future. In his address, which was replete with notable statistics and important economic prophecies, perhaps the most remarkable feature was an appeal to Emperor William to use his influence toward the eventual creation of the United States of Europe, under the form of a political and industrial union. In this way alone, Mr. Carnegie declared, can Europe conquer the foreign markets or repel the American invasion.

America the Gulliver.

"The Car," he continued, "having taken the first step toward the peace of the world, in The Hague conference, the other mighty Emperor might some day be impressed with the thought that it is due to himself and to Germany to play a great part upon the wider stage of Europe, as her deliverer from the incubus which oppresses and weakens her, the appalling, paralyzing fear of war and of ruin between members of her own body."

Mr. Carnegie, in the course of a glowing tribute to Emperor William, said he could not help believing that "one so supremely great" could "influence the few men who to-day control Europe, to take the first step, not to federate, but by an alliance to insure internal peace, which is all that can be expected at present." Unless the powers agreed to something of the kind all they could look forward to was to "revolve like so many Lilliputians around this giant Gulliver, the American Union, soon to embrace two hundred millions of the English speaking race and capable of supplying most of the world's wants."

For the best essays on this subject Mr. Carnegie offered a \$10,000 prize.

In the Commercial Slough.

Dealing with the events which caused the industrial supremacy "once yours but now passed to your lineal descendant," who bears the industrial crown, Mr. Carnegie maintained that it was a physical impossibility for Great Britain to produce material things rivaling in amount those of countries the size of America, Germany and Russia, nor could a union of the empire overcome the situation, for neither Canada nor Australia gave promise of much increase in population, and the industrial thought of material ascendancy even with the British Empire united, must therefore be abandoned.

Mr. Carnegie spared his Scotch audience no details. "America," he said, "now makes more steel than all the rest of the world. In iron and coal her production is greatest, and it is also so in textiles. She produces three-quarters of the world's cotton. The value of her manufactures is about triple that of your own. Her exports are greater and the Clearing-House exchange of New York is almost double those of London."

Germany, the speaker also said, now threatened to Great Britain even from second place.

BURGLARS FLEE AS WOMAN SCREAMS.

Wealthy Residence Section of Jersey City Has Scare Over Robbery Attempts.

There was a big burglar scare on Duncan avenue, the wealthy residential section of Jersey City, at dawn today.

Mrs. Garrick, the wife of ex-Judge William Garrick, of No. 35 Duncan avenue, was awakened by the sound of some one trying to force an entrance through the ground of her bedroom, which overlooks a piazza. Getting out of bed she raised the shade and saw a man on the roof of the piazza. She screamed.

Her screams were heard by the stranger, who climbed down a pillar and hurried off with his companions. Mrs. Garrick saw the three men running away. The police were notified and soon the reserves were out. When the plugboats came along other residents asserted they heard noises at their doors and windows.

It was a novel sight to see several millionaires in the street scantily attired talking to the policemen.

PULLED CHILD'S HAIR OUT.

Was Dancing to Music of Street Piano When Man Attacked Her.

Little golden-haired Susan Jones, seven years old, was dancing to the music of a street piano in front of her home, No. 55 Essex street, Jersey City, when a man came along and pulled a handful of hair from the child's head.

The child's mother caused the arrest of Joseph Renart, of No. 128 Morris street. He denied the charge when arraigned before Police Justice Haas in the First Criminal Court to-day. His arraignment was adjourned.

PRETTY GIRL SUES CITY FOR \$5,000 DAMAGES.

Miss Ada Dingman Fell Down Sunken Manhole Because of Poorly Lighted Street.



MISS ADA DINGMAN.

Miss Ada M. Dingman, eighteen years old, who lives with her parents at No. 214 West Forty-fourth street, is suing the city for \$5,000 damages to recompense her for injuries received by falling down a sunken manhole at Twelfth avenue and Forty-fourth street while returning from a Sunday-school excursion on the evening of June 15 last.

Miss Dingman's suit was begun this morning in Judge Leventritt's court. Her attorney, Jacob Levy, of No. 320 Broadway, is confident that his client will win the case. Ada went on the

Sunday-school excursion of the Central Baptist Church, and returned about 9 o'clock in the evening. While walking to her home from the foot of West Forty-fourth street, where the excursion steamboat landed, she slipped and fell into a half concealed manhole, breaking her kneecap. She was confined to her room for eight weeks suffering great pain all that time. She asserts the street was in a disgraceful condition, and that the manhole could not be seen as there were no lights within 1,000 feet of the place where she fell.

IRISH MEMBERS BRITISH TROOPS BAIT BALFOUR. IN BLACK TRAP

British Premier Refuses a Day to Discuss the State of Ireland, and Liberals Come to Irish Members' Aid.

O'BRIEN MAKES A THREAT. WAR OFFICE BLUNDERS?

LONDON, Oct. 22.—There was another lively though futile discussion in the House of Commons to-day on the subject of granting a day for a debate on the state of Ireland. The Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, again supported Patrick O'Brien's request for a day, saying that as the Premier had declined the concession on the mere request of the Irish members, he, as a Scotchman, gladly supported the request.

Mr. Balfour explained that he could only give a day at Sir Henry's request on the understanding that the motion took the form of a vote of censure on the Government, and that it was supported by the Opposition as a whole. The Liberal leader, however, disclaimed any such intention. He refused to identify himself so completely with the Nationalists, although he strongly contended that the request of the Irish Members should be granted.

Mr. Balfour said: "I think the Right Honorable gentleman had better make up his mind. If he cannot go any further and take a full plunge he had better defer this discussion."

During the altercation William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor and others interjected comments on Mr. Balfour's "insulting attitude toward the Irish," and the discussion concluded with William O'Brien exclaiming: "If we are not given a day we will take one."

MANY FOR MCCALL.

Various Associations Indorse Him for Supreme Court Bench.

At a meeting of the W. F. Busching Association of the Bronx, held at their rooms, One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street and Southern Boulevard, last evening, a resolution was unanimously adopted indorsing the nomination of Edward E. McCall for Justice of the Supreme Court.

The Young Men's Jefferson Democratic Club of the Seventeenth Assembly District has resolved to support Mr. McCall.

The Thomas Loughlin Association, at their club-rooms, Fifty-seventh street and Tenth avenue, last evening also pledged its support to Mr. McCall.

DIES AGED 95.

ETHACA, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Horace Stewart, the grandfather of State Senator E. C. Stewart, and who for years has been prominently identified with the business interests of Tompkins County, died at his home in Newfield to-day at the age of ninety-eight.

Reinforcements Being Rushed from India to Cut Cordon Surrounding Gen. Swayne in Somaliland.

WAR OFFICE BLUNDERS?

LONDON, Oct. 22.—England is facing a new war crisis, and again are caustic comments heard anent a costly repetition of War Office blunders in the South African campaign just closed, in the present crusade against the Mad Mullah.

That Gen. Swayne and his handful of mixed troops, the black element of which is regarded as being of both doubtful efficiency and loyalty in an emergency, is in a more precarious position than at first admitted, is now realized.

That means that the country is once more confronted with another long, expensive and irritating war in the Dark Continent, that may soon call for a change of places and base for Lord Kitchener, who now is on his way to India.

The official despatches from Somaliland are woefully lacking, but the most meagre details and it is only by the publication of the contents of private correspondence that the public has been able to glean a coherent idea of the harassed condition of the routed army.

It is now believed that the Mad Mullah's forces, which no doubt have been reinforced by all the petty Sultans of the country, now number between 30,000 and 40,000 men, most of whom are well armed and mounted. Their arms are said to be of modern manufacture, and this fact also accounts for the fondness of these natives for muskets and calicoes of American and British manufacture, in halves of which the arms are said to have been smuggled to them from the Arden coast.

Against this fanatic host is arrayed the mere handful under Gen. Swayne, of which only a small proportion is whites, hemmed in a veritable trap, from which the arrival of the speedily despatched regiments which will sail from Simla, India, to-morrow will be able to extricate them before they are completely annihilated.

The situation at this moment could best be described by a Kipling pen.

ROME, Oct. 22.—Negotiations are proceeding with the object of obtaining Abyssinian military co-operation in Somaliland, similar to that of 1900, when Ras Makonnen invaded and devastated Ogaden. The suggestion is that the Abyssinians should help in the Mullah's forces from the southwest and the British attack them from the north.

Capital seeking safe investment finds it through Sunday Worshippers.

While the structure was in the early stages of erection vandals removed braces from beneath the walls, demolishing them. This damage was repaired at additional expense to the church.

SKILLER SCARES MILLIONAIRES.

Man of Mystery, Who Has Acted Suspiciously Near the Home of J. Pierpont Morgan, Is Under Police Surveillance.

YALE CLUB MAN COMPLAINS.

One Theory is That He Is the Person Caught in Mrs. Gorman's Home and Punished, and that He Seeks Revenge.

The strange conduct of an unknown man, who has for a week been prowling around the neighborhood of Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue, has caused alarm in the wealthy households of that locality, and city detectives have been detailed to patrol the streets where he has been most seen.

Dr. Arthur Chittenden, who was until two months ago on the house staff of the New York Hospital, and lives at the Yale Club in West Forty-fourth street, reported the case to the West Thirtieth street police station and detectives went with him to the scene.

It is thought that the man is the same who was caught in the house of Mrs. Gertrude A. Gorman at No. 226 Madison avenue three months ago, and that he is seeking some sort of revenge for the term of imprisonment he suffered for that offense.

J. Pierpont Morgan's home is almost directly opposite that of Mrs. Gorman. Morris K. Jesup's is nearby and other prominent millionaires live in this vicinity. The man now being sought tried to gain an entrance to two houses near Thirty-sixth street and another near Thirty-second, and has been noticed by a number of persons in that part of the city.

The unknown man went to the front door of the Gorman home about 9.30 o'clock Monday night. A colored servant, Mrs. James West, answered the ring by peeping past the edge of the curtain over the dining room door. The stranger had found the outer door unlocked and had stepped into the small vestibule.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. West.

"I come from Park & Tilford," was the reply. "Well, you'll have to come around to-morrow," the woman said. She stood watching him as he hesitated for a few minutes. She describes him as a man six feet in height, with light hair and mustache, and dressed roughly. Presently he moved away.

Next door to the Gormans is the home of Mrs. Emily N. Vanderpool, widow of John Vanderpool, 221 Madison avenue. She has not returned from a visit to Europe, and the brown-stone front house is in charge of Caretaker William Rand. He was in the basement when the mysterious visitor tapped on the window, soon after leaving the Gorman house. When Rand asked him what he wanted he said he was from Park & Tilford's. Rand told him to go away and then he began cursing and did not move from the window for five minutes or more. Then he went slowly down Madison avenue.

A little later Night Watchman Flattery, who was in front of the unoccupied house of Mrs. William J. Dodge saw the man, and upon getting no satisfactory reply to his questions hustled him away. A patrolman who was advised him not to show up again in that street.

Dr. Chittenden, who is a friend of Mrs. Gorman and her daughter, was a caller there last night, and upon learning of the mysterious stranger who had been at the police station to report the matter. He was a guest at the Gorman home one Sunday afternoon when a man was discovered in the house.

"They were having tea," said the servant, Mrs. West, when Miss Gode caught sight of the man moving in the hall. She told her mother there was a man there, but her mother said it was only James—that was his husband, James West. Miss Gode was sure it wasn't. "Dr. Chittenden," she said, "he told me when he got here that he found the man trying to hide behind the curtain. He said he was afraid to go in. He said there was a scuffle. We thought there was going to be a fight, but the strange man went away quickly. He told Dr. Chittenden that he found the door open and just came in. He said it was a very bad thing that was too thin and held him till James went out and got a policeman."

LITTLE GIRL GAVE CHURCH A CHANCE

Corner Stone Laid To-Day of Edifice to Be Built from Fund That Grew from Pennies.

The laying of the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, at St. Mary's and Tompkins avenues, Rosebank, S. I., was marked the first step in the completion of the edifice that will be built from a fund that was started by a child.

Little Margaret Palma, five years old, the daughter of Andrew Palma, a wealthy resident of Staten Island, got it into her head last spring that she ought to do something for the church, the building of which she heard much about.

So she saved her pennies and bought a beautiful bisque doll. This was dressed for little Margaret, who went about Rosebank asking chances on it at five cents a chance.

In a short time the little girl had \$5, which she turned over to the pastor. This formed the nucleus of a fund which, by private contribution, has reached \$5,000. A mortgage of \$5,000 will be placed on the church, but it is expected that it will soon be cleared.

Rev. Father Larrand, assisted by Vicar-General Mooney and Rev. Fathers Paul and McLaughlin, officiated at the ceremony to-day, which was very impressive.

A new church will be a wooden structure of handsome design.

While the structure was in the early stages of erection vandals removed braces from beneath the walls, demolishing them. This damage was repaired at additional expense to the church.

WOMAN TRIES TO SEE THE PRINCE.

She Sails Into Waldorf-Astoria and Starts for His Apartments, but Is Stopped by Detective.

ASSERTS SHE KNOWS HIM.

Says She Met Siamese Monarch's Son in Paris, but that Makes No Difference—American Women Barred from Royal Visitor.

A fashionably gowned woman drove up to the Waldorf-Astoria about 10.30 o'clock this morning and imperiously announced that she wished to be conducted to the apartments of the Prince of Siam.

The footman, bowing respectfully, told her she couldn't tear right up to his room; that it first would be necessary for her to send her request through the office.

"The ideal," exclaimed the indignant lady, "I'll not do anything of the kind. It's preposterous. Why, I knew the Prince and his brother in Paris."

'E Couldn't Help It.

"I can't help it, mum," replied the footman. "Orders is orders."

"Orders, indeed!" scoffed the caller. "Not for me." With that she put on the English and caromed for the elevator, but was steered off by a Scotland Yard man, who is with the Prince to see that he doesn't take any bad money or buy any gold bricks.

"You must go away, lady," said O'Rourke. "The Prince is smoking cigarettes and mustn't be disturbed." The haughty lady said she had never been so insulted in her life, and that she'd like to know why, if she saw the Prince in Paris, she couldn't see him in New York.

O'Rourke smiled as though he might be thinking the Prince was not responsible for what he did in Paris. Then he firmly repeated that she could not see him, and that she would have to go away and not bother anybody in the Prince's party while the visitors were in New York.

Bristling with anger, the lady swept to her carriage, saying that she might be thinking the Prince was not responsible for what he did in Paris. Then he firmly repeated that she could not see him, and that she would have to go away and not bother anybody in the Prince's party while the visitors were in New York.

Won't See American Women.

It is learned from Secretary Lester, of the Siamese Embassy at Washington, who is now in the Prince's retinue, that the Prince will not see any American women because he thinks they are too independent and dislikes the liberties they attempt to take with him.

Five of the Prince's party took a drive this morning in Central Park. The Prince was up betimes. He complained of a slight headache, attributing it to the long journey, and the Prince's last night and his introduction to the festive highball.

At the theatre the Prince occupied a mezzanine box. He had declined to avail himself of one which had been provided for him in the proscenium on the ground that he didn't care to be a part of the show. The Prince also declined to go behind the scenes to meet the company.

"I never do that," he remarked. "They told me some queer stories in Chicago. I hear about Grand Duke Boris and the chorus girls and I don't care to repeat his experience."

"SHOO-FLY" SPIES WAY DOG POLICE.

Shudder in the Department at Reports that Piper Will Re-vive the System.

WAR ON NEGRO BEGGAR GANG

Posing as Cripples Two Are Caught, One After a Chase, and Sentenced.

Two members of a gang of negro beggars who have been terrorizing the long time in the theatre district, particularly at Forty-seventh street and Seventh avenue, were sent to the workhouse by Magistrate Deuel in the West Side Court this morning.

One of them, Harry E. Robbins, has just finished a term of six months in the workhouse. The beggars of this gang pose as cripples and accept passers-by with stories of poverty. They have been making a good living by this means. Complaints have been made to the police, and last night a watch was put upon them. Robbins was caught in the act of begging.

He says he lives at No. 4 Roosevelt street. He had a black patch over his right eye, his left arm was in a sling, and he walked with a crutch because, he said, his right leg was paralyzed.

When Detective Barry of the Central Office arrested Robbins, he allowed him to walk by his side toward the West Forty-seventh street police station. Just as they reached Eighth avenue, the negro suddenly threw his crutch in front of the detective, trying to trip him. Then he ran away as fast as two legs could carry him. Detective Barry fired his revolver into the air, and a policeman, coming to his aid, intercepted Robbins half a block away.

Robbins was quickly disposed of with a six months' sentence by Magistrate Deuel, and Charles E. Torrence, his partner, who performed the duty of lookout to give warning of approaching policemen, was sent to the workhouse for three months.

DEATH CLAIMS MRS. DENNIS.

Victim of Mysterious Capital Assault Lingered Nearly a Year.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—After hovering between life and death since last December Mrs. Ada Gilbert Dennis, the victim of one of the most mysterious assaults in the history of the District of Columbia, died at the David H. Hamilton hospital to-day. With her death the last hope of a solution of the mystery has disappeared.

Mrs. Dennis came here from Gettysburg, Pa., and married Walter Dennis, a Washington actor. She was found on Dec. 10 insensible in her bedroom. Her skull was crushed. Various theories were advanced as to the cause of the crime, but no definite clue was ever obtained. Robbery was suggested, but rejected, as the body had not been taken by her assailant.

In one of her semi-rational moments she exclaimed: "It's a woman." Subsequently she made contradictory statements. She never recovered sufficiently to talk rationally.

JENNIE BLASCO, WHO ASKS \$25,000 FOR BROKEN HEART



LOVE SPURNED, SUES RICH MAN

Jennie Blasco, Who Endured a Courtship of Thirteen Years, Asks for \$25,000 from Contractor Who Jilted Her.

SHE WEEPS IN COURT.

A long courtship extending over many years, thirteen in fact, and two more years of plighted troth with the sad climax of a refusal to fulfill his solemn her suit to recover \$25,000 damages from William J. Sloan, a wealthy contractor, of No. 222 West Fifty-eighth street.

Miss Blasco began her suit through her counsel, Howe and Hummel, two years ago. A few months later the man she accused of breach of faith married.

The plaintiff, who is a tall, finely formed woman, dressed in deep mourning, broke down and wept when the case was called for trial. Mr. Friend, counsel for the defendant, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, don't pay any attention to the plaintiff's tears. They may mean something, but usually they mean nothing."

The Case Goes Over.

After some discussion between counsel and a conference with the Justice, it was decided that the case should be adjourned until to-morrow morning. The plaintiff, still in tears, was escorted from the court-room.

Tries to Hide Blushes.

When she took the witness stand she tried to hide her blushes, as she told of her husband's unfaithfulness, by pulling down her veil. Though she hardly raised her voice above a whisper it was easy to detect her liquid Southern accent—deep, rich and sonorous.

She said she had married Walter J. Fulenwider eleven years ago in Asheville. He was then a flourishing young business man and for several years they were almost happy in their union being blessed by a little girl.

A year ago she said she learned that her husband was paying too much attention to Naomi McLin, another beautiful young Southern woman. She finally was forced to leave her husband, and names McLin as co-respondent in a divorce suit.

She almost broke down before finishing her story, and when she left the stand she immediately left the Court-House.

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One of them, Harry E. Robbins, has just finished a term of six months in the workhouse. The beggars of this gang pose as cripples and accept passers-by with stories of poverty. They have been making a good living by this means. Complaints have been made to the police, and last night a watch was put upon them.

Robbins was caught in the act of begging. He says he lives at No. 4 Roosevelt street. He had a black patch over his right eye, his left arm was in a sling, and he walked with a crutch because, he said, his right leg was paralyzed.

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Then he ran away as fast as two legs could carry him. Detective Barry fired his revolver into the air, and a policeman, coming to his aid, intercepted Robbins half a block away.

Robbins was quickly disposed of with a six months' sentence by Magistrate Deuel, and Charles E. Torrence, his partner, who performed the duty of lookout to give warning of approaching policemen, was sent to the workhouse for three months.

SOUTHERN WIFE SEEKS A DIVORCE

Mrs. M. C. Fulenwider Creates a Sensation in Court-Room on Her Appearance to Ask Decree from Her Husband.

TELLS A PATHETIC STORY.

The undefended divorce court, Justice Scott presiding, was crowded to-day with pretty and fashionably dressed women, many of whom sought to sever the nuptial knots which bound them to erring partners.

The case which excited the most interest was that of Mrs. Mary C. Fulenwider, vs. Walter J. Fulenwider. Mrs. Fulenwider, as Mary C. Good, of Asheville, N. C., ten years ago was considered one of the most beautiful girls in the South, where she moved in the highest social circles.

When she appeared in court to-day in an immaculate gray tailor-made gown slashed with red, even the Judge sat back in his seat and stared, for it is rarely a court-room is ever invaded by such a beautiful woman.

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JURY HOLDS CHILD WIDOW

Mrs. Maud Kiehl, Suspected of Poisoning Husband and His Brother, Charged with Murdering Latter Man.

BABY IS CELL COMPANION.

Weeping Little Woman Ralls at Fate and Continues Denials of Deadly Love for Relative She is Accused of Killing.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Oct. 21.—With her baby clasped in her arms, its wondering eyes blinking at the bars which hold its mother prisoner, Mrs. Maud Kiehl, in Cortland jail, to-day was told that a coroner's jury had held her responsible for mixing and administering the poison which caused the death of Adam Kiehl, her brother-in-law, and that she had been indicted for murder.

When the news was broken to her a wall came from the babe, as though it instinctively knew the life of its mother was threatened. Smothering the little one's sob upon her breast, the mother drew a sigh that ended in a gasp, then sank upon a bench and buried her face upon the soft, light hair of her child.

Repeats Her Denials.

Presently she looked up and said: "How could they have done it? Why should they have brought this awful charge against me? I did not kill my brother-in-law. I know nothing even of how he came to his death. They say I loved him and that is why I killed him. Does a woman kill the man she loves? But I did not love him. I could not have loved Adam if I had tried. He was surly and silent and without any sign of affection for me or any one else, so far as I could ever see. He was nothing to me.